



JOHN RUSKIN  
SESAME AND LILIES

EDITED  
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY  
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ERRATA.

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PREFACE, For *splendour* read *the splendour*.

INTRODUCTION, Page ii, line 3. Full stop after *Art*.

do iii, last line For, *Social sciencœ* read  
a *Social science*.

do v, line 4 For *Brancowood* read *Brantwood*.

do v, line 30 For *minute* read *a minute*.

do vi, line 8 For *ashtonishly* read *astonishingly*.

do vi, line 16 For *conextion* read *connection*.

do vii, line 17 For *saddens* read *saddened*.

do vii, line 24 For *Sesame an* read *Sesame is*  
*an etc.*

do 102, line 9. For *fomous* read *famous*.

do 103, line 13, For *discoverd* read *discovered*.

do 103, line 15, For *effection* read *affection*.

do 104, line 4. For *just* read *Just*.

do 105, line 9. For *translated* read *translate*.

do 106, line 16. For *sprit* read *spirit*.

do 107, line 6, For *prepare out* read *prepare*.

do 107, line 24, For *st-rong* read *strong*.

do 107, line 32, For *oppressor* read *oppressed*.

do 109, line 18, For *tombstone* read *a tomb-*  
*stone*.

do 115, line 2, For *man* read *men*.

do 115, line 31, For *folish* read *foolish*.

do 117, line 19, For *or whom* read *of whom*.

do 121, line 21, For *pronouncer* read *pronounced*.

do 123, line 29, For *represants* read *represents*.

do 127, line 7, For *sking* read *ski-ing*.

do 129, line 7, For *begger* read *beggar*.

do 133, line 22, For *Appollo* read *Apollo*.

Page 131, line 15. For *payment* read *parament*.

do 131, line 32, For *Englishmen* read *Englishman*.

do 132, line 28, For *jew* read *Jew*,

do 133, line 2, For *daughter*, *Cordelia* but,  
read *daughter Cordelia : but being* etc.

do 134, line 15, For *oonde-mned* read *condemned*.

do 133 line 17, For *Redga-untled* read *Redgauntlet*.

do 136, line 21, For *condemend* read *condemned*.

do 138, line 1, For *Poinices* read *Polynices*

do 138, line 11, Insert comma after *sacrificed*.

do 138, line 17, For *Turi* read *Tauri*.

do 133, line 19, For *Euripde's* read *Euripides'*

do 138, line 21, For *Appollo* read *Apollo*.

do 138, line 30, For *English language* read *the English language*.

do 139, line 2, For *Eiry* read *Faerie*.

do 139, line 9, For *deliterd* read *delivered*.

do 139, line 20, For *the women* read *that women*.

do 140, line 7, For *emehile* read *e mobile*.

do 140, line 10, For *Regoletto* read *Rigoletto*.

do 142, line 2, For *priosner* read *prisoner*.

do 142, line 24, For *flow* read *flowing*.

do 144, line 17, For *refernce* read *reference*.

do 145, line 13 For *Mereleme* read *Madeleine*.

do 145, line 18 *refernce* read *reference*.

do 145, line 13 Delete inverted commas after *him*.

do 145, line 35, 'Insert' inverted commas after ch. viii. 20.

## PREFACE.

—:o:—

IN editing *Sesame and Lilies* for Indian students I have had in mind the requirements of the Board of High School and Intermediate Education. The student should not only grasp the meaning of these two essays, but endeavour to form a critical estimate of the poet's thought and expression, to notice his peculiarities, and generally to pass judgment on what he has read.

*Sesame, or Kings' Treasuries*, is a plea for the reading of good books and the establishment of public libraries. In it we see too Ruskin's hatred of the greed, materialism and ugliness of Nineteenth Century Civilisation.

*Lilies or Queens' Gardens* is a beautiful and chivalrous estimate of woman and place in society, as well as an attempt to lay down the principles which should govern her education as the complement of man, the guide and controller of his household, the former of public opinion, the loving and sympathetic helper of "all who are desolate and oppressed."

We can not read these lectures without noticing Ruskin's knowledge of what is best in literature and art, and especially his familiarity with the Bible. We are impressed with splendour, the fire, the pity and pathos of his style.

We notice his limitations too, the exaggeration (and injustice) he permits himself bordering sometimes on hysteria, his sentimentality and impracticability. Let the student find examples of these for himself.

While reading for pleasure and profit the student should bear in mind also what is required of him in the examination. "Candidates will be expected to show a close familiarity with the text including the meaning of words, construction of sentences, historical and other allusions, as well as knowledge and understanding of the subject matter. They should be able to indicate contexts, and to paraphrase and explain any difficult passages in simple and correct English."

AGRA COLLEGE, }  
*The 15th June 1923.* }

T. C. JONES.

## CONTENTS.

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	PAGES.
1. Introduction	i
2. Lecture I.—Sesame	1
3. Lecture II.—Lilies	61
4. Summary—Sesame	101
5. Summary—Lilies	111
6. Notes on Sesame	121
7. Notes on Lilies	131





## INTRODUCTION.

### 1. *Life of John Ruskin.*

John Ruskin was born in 1819 in London. His father was a prosperous wine merchant of Scottish extraction, and John Ruskin was his only child.<sup>c</sup> To his mother he owed his early acquaintance with the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, books which strengthened his thought and style throughout life. His father was a man of literary and artistic tastes. He loved natural scenery, paintings and drawings, and romantic literature. Under his guidance young Ruskin read Scott's novels, Pope's translation of Homer, Shakespeare and Byron. When travelling in the interests of business his father would take the boy with him and show him all the natural and architectural beauties they met with on their journeys. His natural sense of beauty, thus stimulated, found further nourishment in travels on the continent, when, armed with brush and pencil, and accompanied by his devoted parents, he explored the wonders of the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy. In 1837 Ruskin went into residence at Christ Church, Oxford. Learned in art and literature, he knew little Greek; but he worked at the prescribed courses, though they did not interest him, and took his B. A. degree with credit in 1842. His university career was disturbed by an unrequited passion for a beautiful French girl, and interrupted by serious illness, but he gained the one university honour for which he seriously strove—the Newdigate Verse Prize. His parents' hopes that he might be a poet and a prelate were doomed to disappointment. He declined to enter the church.

or to embrace his father's calling, for already he dimly perceived that his mission in life was to be the prose poet of Nature and Art. In 1843 appeared the first volume of his *Modern Painters*, a work in five volumes the last of which was published in 1860.

Originating in a passionate desire to defend the work of Turner, the great landscape painter, against the strictures of Blackwood's magazine the book developed into a veritable encyclopædia of art in which Ruskin advocated a return to Nature, showing that the truest artist is he who most faithfully studies and reveals natural beauties and the ideas underlying them. While engaged upon his great task Ruskin found time to do other work also. The *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849) are a series of 'sermons in stones.' The "lamps" are the lamps of Sacrifice, of Truth, of Power, of Beauty, of Life, of Memory, of Obedience. A building, like Nature, should represent true and beautiful ideas. It should not be a sham, but look what it is, and satisfy the purpose for which it is built. *The Stones of Venice* (first volume, 1851) taught the laws of constructive art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice for its beauty on the happy life of the workman. It had, Ruskin said, "no other aim than to show that this Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith and of domestic virtue". This period from 1851 to 1860 was a time of great activity and of many publications. In addition to teaching drawing at the Working Men's College, (founded by Frederic Denison Maurice and others in 1854) he devoted much time

- to lecturing, and undertook the formidable task of arranging, selecting and exhibiting the drawings and studies of Turner which were bequeathed to the nation. Some of his writings were *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* (1851), *Præ-Raphaelitism* (1851), *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (1854), *The Harbours of England* (1856), *The Political Economy of Art* (1857) and *The Two Paths* (1859).

The year 1860 is remarkable not only for the completion of *Modern Painters* but for the beginning of Ruskin's public and formal career as a Social reformer. In 1860 he published in the Cornhill Magazine four essays now known as *Unto this Last* in which he attacks the chief assumption of Economics, that man is influenced only by selfish motives, and Ricardo's Iron Law of Wages, that competition must force down wages to the level of bare subsistence, maintaining that Economics should not exist apart, but only as a part of a general Social Science. "There is no Wealth but Life — Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest that nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." These essays roused so much popular indignation that the Cornhill Magazine suspended their issue after the fourth essay. A similar fate attended a new set of papers on "Political Economy" published in Fraser's Magazine, 1862. They finally appeared in book form under the title *Munera Pulveris*, 1870. In this book Ruskin not only maintains that there can be no rational political economy apart from the life of Society as a whole, but tries to construct Social science of his

own, a task for which he was unfitted by temperament, knowledge and experience.

*Time and Tide*, 1867,—is a series of letters to a working man advocating a return to the medieval trade-guilds, and other Utopian schemes for the improvement of society.

In 1864 Ruskin inherited a large fortune on the death of his father. The seven years between his father's death and his mother's (1871) "were years of varied activity, and incessant lecturing, travelling, and writing, of domestic sorrow, of illusion, increasing irritation and meditation, and a perpetual brooding over the social and political problems of that crowded time" (Frederic Harrison).

*The Crown of Wild Olives* (1866) deals with certain fundamental principles of labour, commerce, and war. It contains the pregnant saying "Borrowers are nearly always ill-spenders, and it is with lent money that all evil is mainly done and all unjust war protracted." *The Queen of the Air* (1869) contains lectures on Greek myths and expounds the merits of Greek art, though with many digressions into Economics.

In 1869 Ruskin was elected Slade Professor of Art at Oxford University, an appointment which was renewed in 1873 and again in 1876. Frequent attacks of ill-health then obliged him to resign, and though he was re-elected in 1883 he resigned again at the end of 1884. His brilliant if eccentric lectures attracted large audiences, and aroused great interest and enthusiasm.

In his later years he suffered much from nervous derangement and insomnia, the result of overwork,

disappointed affection, and what he felt to be the failure of his passionate efforts to relieve the social misery around him. At sixty years of age he retired to Branwood, his beautiful home near Coniston lake. In this retreat he spent the last twenty years of his life, loved and cared for by his devoted cousin, Mrs. Severn, her husband and the Severn family. The Sheffield Museum is perhaps the only remaining result of his many years of social and industrial experiment, embodying noble but impracticable ideals, which wasted his fortune and his health.

His last two works of importance are *Fors Clavigera* (1880) and *Præterita* (1885-7). *Fors* is a satire on modern life, cast in a tone of irony and graceful trifling, but inspired by profound sadness. *Præterita* is mainly autobiographical.

The last ten years of his life were passed in complete rest and retirement at Coniston. He died in 1900 of influenza.

Ruskin, like his spiritual brother, Carlyle, was a man of deep religious instincts, which he retained after he had lost faith in dogmatic Christianity. His reverence for early medieval Catholic art attracted him to Catholicism, which however he could not accept because of his dislike of monasticism and the papacy. Finally he came to believe that "the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity."

He had minute, sensitive, and accurate passion for nature. He believed that nature is a divine thing which it is the duty of Art to interpret. He hated modern industrialism which degrades

rich and poor alike, and makes life ugly and narrow. He longed for a nobler, richer, purer, more beautiful life and spent his wealth and broke his heart in fruitless efforts to bring it to pass. Like a Greater than himself he came that men might have Life and have it more abundantly.

His style founded upon a close study of the Bible and other great literary models is astonishingly rich and eloquent, though sometimes too ornate. His thought, suggestive and ennobling, is too unsystematic and discursive. Much of his later work is marred by eccentricity, the result of mental strain and storm.

"We cannot separate Ruskin the art-critic from Ruskin the social reformer. His great discovery was the close connexion of the decay of art with faulty social arrangements. Ugliness in the works of man is a symptom of social disease....He observed that the disappearance of beauty in human productions synchronised with the invention of machinery and the development of great industries, and he could not doubt that the two changes were interconnected. We sometimes forget that until the reign of George III a town was regarded as improving a landscape. A city was a glorious and a beautiful thing, an object to be proud of....Never since civilisation began has such ugliness been created as the modern English or American town. Ruskin saw in these structures a true index of the mind of their builders and inhabitants, and the sight filled him with horror....Like Plato Ruskin would fain have returned to a much simpler social structure, when each country, and even to a great extent each village, was sufficient to itself. He did not

show how such a return is possible, without blowing up the great towns and their inhabitants ; but he quite seriously regarded the Industrial Revolution as a gigantic blunder, and believed that England would never be happy or healthy until what his contemporaries called progress had been swept away with all its works." (Dean Inge, *Outspoken Essays*.)

*II. Sesame and Lilies.* In 1864 Ruskin delivered two lectures at Manchester entitled respectively "Of Kings' Treasuries" and "Of Queens' Gardens". These two lectures with one other were published in 1871. The volume was named *Sesame and Lilies*. The book is dedicated to his 'friend, or beloved one'. The Greek word is used. We now know that this 'friend' was Rose La Touche, the child to whom he had taught drawing in 1858, who saddens his later life by refusing to marry him, and who died in 1875. By *Kings' Treasuries* Ruskin meant the precious thoughts of great minds laid up in books. It points out in eloquent language the folly of wasting time in reading useless or bad books, and the duty of forming public and private libraries of the best books.

*Sesame* an oily grain, believed to have been first grown in India. It is common in Egypt, Arabia and the East generally. Mixed with honey and lemon it is made into cakes, which are considered an oriental luxury. The words "Open Sesame" were the charm referred to in the tale of *The Forty Thieves* in the *Arabian Nights*, by which the door of the robbers' dungeon flew open. Taking the word to mean 'bread'—the bread of life and also using it in the sense of 'charm,' Ruskin says that the



desire for this mental or spiritual bread or nourishment acts as a charm to open Kings' Treasuries (collections of good books). His words are "You have got its (the British constitution's) corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries." The word 'Lilies' suggests the beauty and grace of women, and the nature and value of their influence. As the 'lily among thorns' so is the gracious influence of women among the cruel and harsh things of this world. The word 'lilies' also suggests 'gardens', and as a woman may love and tend the flowers in her garden so she should love, and care for, and influence for good those she is brought into contact with in the world. So by *Queens' Gardens* is meant the sphere of women's influence.

The essay deals with the nature and influence of women, giving examples from Shakespeare, Dante, Sophocles, and Spenser and describes the education which can best fit her for the work she has to do in the world. Both essays contain beautiful thoughts in exquisite language. The following are among the best known and the most often quoted. "Each sex has what the other has not, each completes the other, and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give." "The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure."

# LECTURE I.—SESAME.

## OF KINGS' TREASURIES.

“ You shall each have a cake of sesame,—and ten pound.”

LUCIAN : *The Fisherman.*

I BELIEVE, ladies and gentlemen, that my first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced, and for having endeavoured, as you may ultimately think, to obtain your audience under false pretences. For indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. And I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we had unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But since my good plain-spoken friend, Canon Anson, has already partly anticipated my reserved “trot for the avenue” in his first advertised title of subject, “How and What to Read”;—and as also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose. I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want <sup>never</sup> to speak to you about books; and about the way we read them, and could, or

should read them. A grave subject, you will say ; and a wide one ! Yes ; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which, press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education, and the answeringly wider spreading, on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth ; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters, I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a "position in life" takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. "The education befitting such and such a *station in life*"—this is the phrase, this is the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself : the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back ;—an education which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors,—education which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house ; in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life." It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which in itself is advancement in Life ; that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death ; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or

given, than they fancy if they set about it in the right way ; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of “Advancement in Life.” My main purpose this evening is to determine, with you, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

Practically, then, at present, “advancement in life” means becoming conspicuous in life ; obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it ; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones ; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity. The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of pleasure.

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose ; so closely does it touch the very springs of life, that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of

(and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognise the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know and would at once acknowledge its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state upon the throne, but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

This, then, being the main idea of advancement in life, the force of it applies, for all of us according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent

question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: (I do not much care which, in beginning;) but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called “virtue”—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, “You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business.” I begin accordingly, to-night, low down in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men’s minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up—the audience partly not being sure the lecturer is serious, and partly shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you

are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting further question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure for the sake of their beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that, according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain

a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it ;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces ;—suppose you could be put behind a



screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go further.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very

useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age : we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day : whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing ; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once ; if he could, he would—the volume

is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India ; if you could, you would ; you write instead : that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously, if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever ; engrave it on rock, if he could : saying, " This is best of me ; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another : my life was as the vapour, and is not ; but this I saw and knew ; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his " writing " ; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a " Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written ?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness ? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people ? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well ; whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book or his piece of art.\* It is mixed always with evil

\*Note this sentence carefully ; and compare the *Queen of the Air*.

fragments—ill-done, <sup>excessive</sup> redundant, <sup>superfluous</sup> affected, work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those <sup>are</sup> the book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men ;—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and life is short. You have heard as much before ;— yet have you <sup>measured</sup> and mapped out his short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow ? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings ; or, flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entree* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time ? Into that you may enter always ; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish ; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault ; by your aristocracy of companionship, there, your own inherent aristocracy, will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

“The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say ; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristoc-

racy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portieres of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter?" "Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be." "Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign or interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

I. First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or

"if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so, but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means and in strong words too: but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is gold within it at once to the mountaintops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian

miner would? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim, myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pick-axes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (*I know I am right in this*), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters, instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle;—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire

difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely: whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly: above all he is learned in the *peérage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille*; remembers all their ancestry—their inter-marriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any.—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilised nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should not excite a frown there. Let the



accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now—(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings—(there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks—“groundlion” cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man’s fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There were never creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, you cannot get at him by its ministry.

And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men’s hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin forms for a

## OF KINGS' TREASURIES

word when they want it to be respectable, and Saxon or otherwise common forms when they want to discredit it. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people (who are in the habit of taking the Form of the words they live by, for the Power of which those words tell them) if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek from "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for the many simple persons (who worship the Letter of God's Word instead of its Spirit (just as other idolaters worship His picture instead of His presence)) if, in such places (for instance as Acts xix. 19), we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read, "Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver!" Or if, on the other hand, we translated instead of retaining it, and always spoke of the "Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present that the Word of God, (by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,) cannot be made a present of to anybody (in morocco binding); nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam-plough or steam-press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us as instantly as may be, choked.

So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind, by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno," in translating the Greek *Kataklyuo*, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle. And what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on—"He that believeth not shall be damned"; though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi. 7, "The saying of his house, by which he damned the world," or John viii. 12, "Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest leaves—though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes—have nevertheless been rendered practically possible, mainly, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next,

French or German next, and English last : undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation ; but retaining a deep, vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it ; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet ; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with ; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work ; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable. Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed ; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines, of a true book with you, carefully ; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity.

of Lycidas :

Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean lake

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts again);  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,  
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young  
 swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,  
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast;  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how  
 to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the  
 least,

That to faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They  
 are sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they  
 draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

Let us think over this passage, and examine its  
 words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning  
 to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function,  
 but the very types of it which Protestants usually  
 refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks!  
 Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter  
 to be "mitred"? "Two massy keys he bore."

Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, “I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven” quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who “for their bellies’ sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.”

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; especially those three, and no more than those—“creep,” and “intrude,” and “climb”;

no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they, exhaustively, comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "*creep*" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "*intrude*" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "*climb*," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

Now go on:—

Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.

*Blind mouths—*

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly,

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is, therefore, to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisedly follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number its sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. (The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop, (he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead); he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street."



What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) “the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw” (bishops knowing nothing about it) “daily devours apace, and nothing said?”

“But that’s not our idea of a bishop.”\* Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul’s; and it was Milton’s. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.

This is to meet the vulgar answer that “if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food.”

And Milton says: “They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind.” At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of “Spirit.” It is only a contraction of the Latin word “breath,” and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for “wind.” The same word is used in writing, “The wind bloweth where it listeth”; and in writing, “So is every one that is born of the Spirit”; born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words “inspiration” and “expire.” Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may

\*Compare the 18th Letter in *Time and Tide*.

he filled ; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills ; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—his disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it ; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching ; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that “puffing up.” Your converted children, who teach their parents ; your converted convicts who teach honest men ; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers ; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong ; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work :—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water ; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh ; blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—“Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power ; for once the latter is weaker in thought ; he supposes

*both the keys to be of the gate of heaven ; one is of gold, the other of silver ; they are given by St. Peter to the <sup>minister of the church</sup> sentinel angel ; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven ; the other, of iron, the key of the prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."*

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed ; and, of all who do so, it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter ; he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced ; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and further out-caste, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them ; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading"; watching every

accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus I thought, in misreading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what you thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon;—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters;—no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and

\* Modern "Education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable object of importance to them.

love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING,—judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for indecision, that is all they can generally do for you!—and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able “to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts.” This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning, but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves,—it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare’s opinion, instead of Milton’s, on this matter of Church authority?—or for Dante’s? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him!

who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him;—  
 “disteso, tanto vilmente, nell’ eterno, esilio”;  
 or of him whom Dante stood beside, “come’ I  
 frate che confessa lo perfido assassin”?\* Shake-  
 speare and Alighieri knew men better than most of  
 us, I presume! They were both in the midst of  
 the main struggle between the temporal and  
 spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may  
 guess! But where is it? Bring it into court!  
 Put Shakespeare’s or Dante’s creed into articles,  
 and send *that* up into the Ecclesiastical Courts!

You will not be able, I tell you again, for many  
 and many a day, to come at the real purposes and  
 teaching of these great men; but a very little  
 honest study of them will enable you to perceive  
 that what you took for your own “judgment”  
 was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless,  
 entangled weed of castaway thought: nay, you  
 will see that most men’s minds are indeed little  
 better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and  
 stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with  
 pestilent brakes and venomous wind-sown herbage  
 of evil surmise; that the first thing you have to do  
 for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully  
 to set fire to *this*; burn all the jungle into whole-  
 some ash heaps, and then plough and sow. All the  
 true literary work before you, for life, must begin  
 with obedience to that order, “Break up your  
 fallow ground, and sow not among thorns.”

II. Having then faithfully listened to the great  
 teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts,  
 you have yet this higher advance to make,—you  
 have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to

\* Inf. xix. xxiii.

them, first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many enteries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, it is good for us: nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of, bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. (It is in the blunt hand, and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar;) they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion

as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” or touch-faculty of body and soul; that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognise what God has made good.

We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is Righteous. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. (Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause.) There is a mean wonder as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that



made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand—the place of the great continents beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny, with the life of an agonised nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches, in revellings and junketings, in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort or a tear.

I said “minuteness” and “selfishness” of sensation, but, in a word, I ought to have said “injustice” or “unrighteousness” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease

or tickle it into any, at your pleasure ; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching a passion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on ;—nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder, and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts, and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds of thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be brought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money or your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords ;\* and then debate, with drivelling tears

\*See the evidence in the Medical officer's report to the Privy Council, just published. There are suggestions in its preface

and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation, having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of

which will make some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note these points following :—

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention ; both false.

The first is that by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons, to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property ; of which earth, air, and water these persons may, at their pleasure, permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, to breathe, or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages ; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself ; and that everybody would be able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

It will, however, require some rough experiments, and rougher catastrophes, even in this magnesium-lighted epoch, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything, least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low, would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people, so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make for it. For instance, it would be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maximum limits should be assigned to incomes, according to classes ; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation, and not squeezed by him in a variable sum, at discretion, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed to-morrow ; and if, which would be further necessary, you could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure wheat-flour legal tender for a given sum, a twelvemonth would not pass

guilt in homicides, and does not yelp like a pack of frostpinched wolf-cubs on the blood track of an unhappy, crazed boy, or grayhaired clodpate Othello "perplexed in the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting

before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulative wealth would have reasserted itself in some other article, or some imaginary sign. Forbid men to buy each other's lives for sovereigns, and they will for shells, or slates. There is only one cure for public distress, —and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivable which would gradually better and strengthen the national temper; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weak child by backboards, but when it is old, it cannot that way straighten its crooked spine.

And besides, the problem of land, at its worst, is a bye one; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable, Who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief words, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? Who is to do no work, and for what pay? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together, and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? If we in d to deal with mere blood, instead, of spirit and the thing might literally be done (as it has been done with infants before now) so that it were possible, by taking a certain quantity of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed; but secretly, I should conceive. But now because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood it can be done quite openly; and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels; that is to say, we keep a certain number of clown digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian

young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love..

My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should “pay” has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production; a better production than most statues; being beautifully coloured as well as shaped, and plus all the brains; a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple, and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature for above us, than to a wall; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return—duties of living belfry and rempart—of which presently.

host, without saying, "When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work—in our war,—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle, and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

I. I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How

much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellar? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable,

*a dream (crust), by necessity for a full and complete*  
 until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again ; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good : but there is bread, sweet as honey if we would eat it, in a good book ; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are silly and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries !

II. I say we have despised science. "What !" (you exclaim) "are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes ; but do you suppose that is national work ? That work is all done in spite of the nation ; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science ; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough : but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to us, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science ? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory ; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum : sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our



own ; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that : and very properly knight him ; but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to us ? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some discredit to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science, Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria ; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred : but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen\*, had not with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three ! which the said

\* I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission ; which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it ; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact, that I do what seems to me right, though rude.

public will doubtless pay him <sup>at last</sup> eventually, but sulkily; and caring nothing about the matter, all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus) is at least 50 millions. Now £700 is to £50,000,000 roughly, as sevenpence to two thousands. Suppose then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that a unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of sevenpence sterling; and that the gentleman who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself, till next year!"

III. I say you have despised Art! "What!" you again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions. miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to everypasser-by,

## SESAME AND LILIES

"Whatd'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat, fat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that Art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the wall for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(and, in Venice, with the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the places containing them), and if you heard that all the Titians in Europe were made sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

IV. You have despised nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the earth. Your one conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat of their altars. You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the

Lake of Geneva; <sup>in Swiss lands.</sup> there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as souped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight." When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and volable with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrow-fullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chammouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth. <sup>degradably of how merciful</sup> Pleasu

Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year; date

which though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable, for on the back of the slip there is the announcement that "yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St Paul's<sup>22</sup>," and there is a prett<sup>y</sup> piece of modern political economy besides, worth preserving note of, I think, so I print it in the note below.\* But my business is with the main paragraph, relating one of such facts as happen now daily, which, by chance, has taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that colour, in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

"An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2 Cobb's Court, Christ Church. Deceased was a 'translator' of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little in-

\*It is announced that an arrangement has been concluded between the Ministry of Finance and the Bank of Credit for the payment of the eleven millions which the State has to pay to the National Bank by the 14th inst. This sum will be raised as follows:—The eleven commercial members of the committee of the Bank of Credit will each borrow a million of florins for three months of this bank, which will accept their bills, which again will be discounted by the National Bank. By this arrangement *the National Bank will itself furnish the funds with which it will be paid.*

deed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Fridy night week deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, 'Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more' There was no fire, and he said, 'I would be better if I was warm.' Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, 'We must have our profit.' Witness got 14 lb. of coal, and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the 'translations,' to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: 'It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the work-house.'—Witness: 'We wanted the comfort of eur little home.' A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in the week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied

to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should 'get the stones.\*' That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning.—A juror: 'You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.'—Witness: 'If we went in, we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had

\* I do not know what this means. It may perhaps be well to preserve beside this paragraph another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865;—"The salons of Mmc. C—, who did the honours with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and count—in fact, with the same *mal* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame rouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly improper scene. On the second floor the supper tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demimonde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Lafitte, Tokay, and Champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated, with a *chaine diabolique* and a *caneau d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning-service—"Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn"—) Here is the menu:—*Con-sommé de volaille à la Bagration; 16 hors d'œuvre variés. Rouchées à la Talleyrand Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bœuf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises chaudfroid de gibier. Dinde truffée. Pâtés de foies gras, bûissons d'écrevisses, salades rênétiennes, golées blanches our fruits gateaux manoini parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages, glacés, Ananas. Dessert."*

food, for my sight would get better.' Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion from want of food. The deceased had had no bedclothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict, 'That deceased died from exhaustion from want of food and the common necessities of life ; also through want of medical aid '"

*Emulation 373241*

"Why would witness not go into the work-house?" you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not : for of course every one who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale : only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears ; perhaps if we made the play-house for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to it. Meantime, here are the facts : we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful that they rather die than take it at our hands ; or, for third alternative, we leave them so up-taught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion ; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be im-



possible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.\* "Christian," did I say? Alas, if we were but wholesomely un-Christian, it would be impossible: it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing it up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christi-

\* I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the *Pall Mall Gazette* established; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men, in independent position, and of honest purpose, may indeed become all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will therefore, I doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5 which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless of consequence. It contained at the end this notable passage:—

"The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction—aye, and the bedsteads and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to *"outcasts merely as outcasts."* I metely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to "lift up his voice like a trumpet" in declaring to the gentlemen of his day: "Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor *that are cast out* (margin 'afflicted') to *thy* house." The falsedood on which the writer had mentally founded himself, as previously stated by him, was this: "To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor-rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error." This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with any exisiting problem of national distress. "To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of ady single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism."

tianity of the organ and aisle, (of dawn service and twilight-revival)—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanellas—Roberts,—Fausts, chanting hymns through tracery windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the “Dio” through variation on variation of mimicked prayer: (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment;)—this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes, from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common, Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed: to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon—we know too well what our faith comes to for that. You might sooner get lighting out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

All these pleasures; then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your

amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, <sup>also others</sup> but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there, and may have his brains beaten out and be maimed for life at any moment, and never be thanked : the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage ; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial ; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all : these are the men by whom England lives ; but they are not the nation ; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National mind and purpose are to be amused ; our National religion, the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves ; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower ;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of moneymaking ; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures

on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The Justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of some kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough;—the measure of national fault involved in them is perhaps not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, (the more I see of our national faults or miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought.) It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dulness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true school-

boy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of school-boys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So do we play with the words of the dead, that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will, little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads ; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery ; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them ;—which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us ; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, “ Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of us ? ” so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, “ Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we ? art thou also become one of us ? ”

*Strong, tolerably*  
 Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—"magnanimous"—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this, increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life,"—in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed, in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: "You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crownedge on the skull;—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he

is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,—costly shows, with real jewels instead of tinsel—the toys of nations; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, (“Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”)

But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles’ indignant epithet of base kings, “people-eating,” were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king’s dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man’s estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the Kings of the horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species

of marsh mosquito, with hayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered, trumpeting in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make "il gran refufo"; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make its "gran refufo" of them.

Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it, — not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, "Go," and he goeth; and to another, "Come," and he cometh. Whether you can trun your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes better than by miles; and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

Measure! nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of these who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of haven — and the power of those who undo, and consume — whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth, and the Rust-kings, who are to their people's strength



as rust to armour. lay up treasures for the rust ; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber ; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better ! Broidered robe, only to be rent—helm and sword, only to be dimmed ; jewel and gold, only to be scattered—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web more fair in the weaving by Athena's shuttle ; an armour forged in diviner fire by Vulcanian force—a gold only to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs ;—deep-pictured fissure, impenetrable armour, potable gold !—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us, with their inescapable eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen ! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people ?

Think what an amazing business *that* would be ! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom. That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise !—organise, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers !—find national amusement in

reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds ; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea, it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilised nations should ever come to support literature instead of war.

Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand (if anything stand) surest and longest of all work of mine.

"It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis ; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought ; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum ; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's pence of mind with ; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably) light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the 'science' of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war ;

but its real root is, the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

France and England, literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds' worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at pace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art-galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many

precious, many, it seems to me, needful, things ; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it ; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread ;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors ;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

Friends, the treasuries of true kings are the streets of their cities ; and the gold they gather, which for others is as the mire of the streets, changes itself, for them and their people, into a crystalline pavement for evermore.

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## LECTURE II.—LILIES.

### OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

"As the lily among the thorns, so my loved one among  
the damsels." *young maiden*

It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavour to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why* to read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*: conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—Spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows of royalty, hollow as death; and which only the "Likeness of a kingly crown have on"; or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an in-

evitable and eternal kind, crowned or not : the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others ; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word "State" ; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing ; and you have the full force of it in the derived word "statue"—"the immovable thing." A king's majesty or "state," then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both : —without tremor, without quiver of balance ; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter nor overthrow.

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this claim, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me further, what special portion or kind of this royal authority arising out of noble education may rightly be possessed by women ; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty, induced by such benignant power, would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus for what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her Lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and <sup>me</sup>harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigour and honour, and authority of both.



And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture : namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help : to appeal to them, when our knowledge and power of thought failed ; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point : let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note, broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes ;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage ; and the still slighter Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his laboured and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him ; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Caesar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities ;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative ; Romeo an impatient boy ; the Marchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune ; Kent, in "King Lear,"



In "<sup>4</sup>Winter's Tale," and in "<sup>5</sup>Cymbeline," the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In "Measure for Measure," the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In "Coriolanus," the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer, at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what, shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be

## OF QUEENS' GARDENS

<sup>uncommonly</sup> frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life ; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify even when they cannot save.

Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott. <sup>that aspect</sup>

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value : and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness, and in the whole range of these, there are but three men who reach the heroic type—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse : of these, one is a border farmer ; another a freebooter ; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power ; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a

purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of men. Whereas in his imagination of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Liliás Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeane Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice ; a fearless, instant and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims ; and finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error ; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able and no more, to take patience in bearing of their unmerited success.

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth ; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress.

Next, take, though more briefly, graver and deeper testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady, a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair ; she comes down from heaven to his help and, throughout the

ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truth, divine and human : and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception ; if I began I could not cease : besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honour and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

For lo ! thy law is passed  
That this my love should manifestly be

To serve and honour thee :  
And so I do ; and my delight is full,  
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.  
Without almost, I am all rapturous,

Since thus my will was set  
To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence :  
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse  
A pain or regret,  
But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense ;  
Considering that from thee all virtues spread.

As from a fountain head,—  
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,  
And honour without fail ;  
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,  
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

Lady, since I conceived  
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,—  
My life has been apart,  
In shining brightness and the place of  
Which till that time, good-sooth,  
Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,  
Where many hours and days  
It hardly ever had remember'd good.

But now my servitude  
 Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.  
 A man from a wild beast  
 Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.

You may think, perhaps, a Greek Knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His own spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicæa; the house-wifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister, and daughter, in Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of the death.

Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you

## OF QUEENS' GARDENS

*how the great people, — by one of whose princesses,*  
it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth  
should be educated, rather than by his own kind-  
red ; — how that great Egyptian people, wisest then  
of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form  
of a woman ; and into her hand, for a symbol, the  
weaver's shuttle : and how the name and the form,  
of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the  
Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and  
cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this  
date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in  
literature, or in types of national virtue.

But I will not wander into this distant and my-  
thical element ; I will only ask you to give its  
legitimate value to the testimony of these great  
poets and men of the world, — consistent as you see  
it is on this head. I will ask you whether it can  
be supposed that these men, in the main work of  
their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious  
and idle view of the relations between man and  
woman ; — nay, worse than fictitious or idle ; for a  
thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it were  
possible ; but this, their ideal of women, is, accord-  
ing to our common idea of the marriage relation,  
wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not  
to guide, nor even to think, for himself. The man  
is always to be the wiser ; he is to be the thinker,  
the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discre-  
tion, as in power.

Is it not somewhat important to make up our  
minds on this matter ? Are all these great men  
mistaken, or are we ? Are Shakespeare and  
Æschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls  
for us ; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the



realisation of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient*—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is upon or any question difficult of decision, *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind-service to its lady: that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly train-

ed—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

I do not insist by any further argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feeling of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:

Ah, wasteful woman! she who may      S.  
 On her sweet self set her own price,  
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—  
 How has she cheapen'd Paradise!  
 How given for nought her priceless gift,  
 How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,  
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,  
 Had made brutes men, and men divine! \*

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn when the affection has become

\* Coventry Patmore.

wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a guiding, not a determining function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man’s power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman’s power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her

great function is Praise: she enters into no <sup>struggle</sup> contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass

may be the only fire at her foot : but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

— This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation.: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side : wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of women. In that great sense—"La donna e mobile," not "Qual pium' al vento"; no, nor yet "Variable as the shade," by the light quivering aspen made"; but variable as the light manifold in fair and serene division that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon and exalt it.

II. I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power, of women. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful person now doubts this,—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite right-ness—which point you to the source, and describe to you in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:

Three years she grew in sun and shower.  
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown.

This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make

A lady of my own.  
'Myself will to my darling be

{ Both law and impulse; and with me

The girl, in rock and plain.

In hearth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power

To kindle, or restrain.

The floating clouds their state shall lend.

To her, for her the willow bend;

Nor shall she fail to see

Even in the motions of the storm,  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form.

By silent sympathy.

And vital feelings of delight

Shall rest her form to stately height,—

Her virgin bosom swell.

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give, *let's be*  
 While she and I together live,  
 Here in this happy dell. *in a good time*

"Vital feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue. *be not*

This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty:

A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of the happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all know

ledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love. *the knowledge of history like haumard was in excess*

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian



too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement: it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

Thus far, I think I have had your concurrence; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There is one dangerous science for women—one which let them indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their

powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange, in creatures born to be Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master by scrambling up the steps of His judgment-throne, to divide it with Him. Most strange, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed elements of home discomfort; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice; and from which their husbands must turn away, in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

I believe, then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's; but quite differently directed. A woman in any rank of life ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive, hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of

way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly, while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge—between a firm beginning, and a feeble smattering. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And, indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, (wet with the lust and lightest spray of the fountain of folly;)

Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but

its over-wrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious, exciting literature, and the worse romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act. *unhealthy*

I speak, therefore, of good novels, only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than *books* treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature, in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one; for each will gather, from the novel, *substitute her own material* food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it: those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we had before dimly conceived; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great, that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision how much novel-reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl ; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way : turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her ; you cannot : for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun ; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough ; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life ; but you cannot fetter her ; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always,

Her household <sup>domestic</sup> motions light and free  
And steps of virgin liberty.

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you : and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it,

which you had not the slightest thought were good. Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practice in all accomplishments, be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest. Note those epithets; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefulest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being: do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door, and when the

whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice, is not daring to let them live, or love, except as their neighbours choose; and imposture, in bringing, for the purposes of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled?

And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is;—whatsoever kind of a man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect to him yourself; if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table; you know also that at his college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as your inferiors.

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what reference do you show to the teachers you have chosen? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honour upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening?

Thus, then, of literature as her help, and thus of art. There is one more help which she cannot do without—one which, alone, has sometimes done more shall all other influences besides.—the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc:—

The education of this poor girl was mean, according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable.

Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (*cure*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds.

But the forests of Domrémy—those were the glories of the land, for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. “Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,”—“like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,” that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.\*

\* “Joan of Arc: in reference to M. Michelet’s History France.” De Quincey’s Works, vol. iii. p. 217.



Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the centre ; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But *do* you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal-shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I thik not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixtyfold instead of fourfold.

Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace-ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gifts seem to be "sharp arrows of the mighty"; but their last gifts are, "coals of juniper."

And yet I cannot—though there is no part of my subject that I feel more—press this upon you; for we made so little use of the power of nature while we had it, that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon and your Menai Straits,

and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heathery crest, and soot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred—a divine promontory, looking westward; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus; but where are its Muses? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of Ægina, but where is its Temple to Minerva?

Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus, up to the year 1848?—Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the Report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5000 persons:

I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now ("they might have had a worse thought, perhaps"), three knew nothing about the crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months, nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition beyond two and two, or three and three; their minds were perfect blanks.

Oh, ye women of England! from the Princess of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which

God made at once for their school room and their play ground, lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fountains of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth for ever from the rocks of your native land—waters which a Pagan would have worshipped in their purity, and you worship only with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven—the mountains that sustain your island throne, — mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud—remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

III. Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office, and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question,—What is her queenly office, with respect to the state?

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence; the woman's, to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the state. The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty ; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties—an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose ;—as there is the intense instinct of love, which rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life, and, misdirected, undermines them ; and must do either the one or the other ; so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and, misdirected, wrecks them.

Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it

there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power!—for Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,—that binds the fiend and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Justice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

It is now long since the women of England arrogated universally a title which once belonged to nobility only, and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentle woman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady,"\* which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this: but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signifi-

\* I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited, on conviction by their peers, of any dishonourable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all nobles' results, possible, in a nation which loved honour. That it would not be possible among us is not to be the discredit of the scheme.

ed by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition-correlative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies with a train of vassals. Be it so: you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of selves who serve and feed you; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly domi-

nion ;—that highest dignity is open to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. Rex et Regina—Roi et Reine—“*Right-doers*”; they differ but from the Lady and Lord in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously, or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned : there is no putting by that crown ; queens you must always be ; queens to your lovers ; queens to your husbands and your sons ; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will for ever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre, of womanhood. But, alas ! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest ; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

“Prince of Peace.” Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they ; other rule than theirs is but misrule ; they who govern verily “*Dei gratia*” are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it ; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight ; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no

suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle ; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope ; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain ; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it ; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates ; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate ; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honour, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myraid-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful !—to see the tender and delicate woman among you with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas.



of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire chrysolite :—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbour ! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful !—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace : and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

Have you ever considered what a deep, unmeaning there lies, or, at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy ? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet ?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses ? So surely as they believe that they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns ; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe ; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers ; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “ Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.”

You think that only a lover's fancy ;—false and vain ! How if it could be true ? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy—

Even the light harebell raised its head

Elastic from her airy tread.

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive ; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am going into wild hyperbole ? Pardon me, not a whit—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one)—that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true ; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them : nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—“ Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out.” This you would think a great thing ? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this (and how much more than this,!) you can do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them ;—flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours ; which, once saved, you save for ever ? Is this only a little power ? Far among

the moorlands and the rocks—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death;\* but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose; nor call to you, through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying:

Come into the garden, Maud,

For the black bat, night, has flown,

And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad

And the musk of roses blown?

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is, staring up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise—and still they turn to you, and for you, "The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait."

Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:—

\*See note p. 46.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown ;  
Come into the garden Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone.

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden; alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden. He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.” Oh—you queens—you queens! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and, in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?



## Summary—'Of Kings' Treasuries'

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PAGES 1-2. By 'Kings' treasures' Ruskin means, not the wealth of actual kings, but the riches of great minds. He proposes to speak about books, and about the way we read them, or could, or should read them.' .

PAGES 2-3. Parents too often think of education as a means of obtaining for their children a good position in the world, as a road to advancement in life. They do not care for education, or right training, for its own sake.

PAGE 3. What is meant by this 'advancement in life' we are so anxious to secure for our children? Ruskin answers that it means being honoured, respected, conspicuous, famous. This desire for fame is the greatest incentive to action.

PAGES 3-4. Nothing pleases us more than the gratification of our self esteem, and nothing hurts us so much as wounded vanity. We desire to gain a good position, not only for its own sake, but because it entitles us to the respect and admiration of our fellows.

PAGE 4. One of the ways in which we seek to gratify our vanity, and to secure advancement in life we call "getting into good society", to enjoy the friendship and to be seen in the company of the great, the wealthy and the famous.

PAGES 4-6. Assuming that love of praise is the first motive, and duty the second, that men have in their minds in seeking advancement by getting

into good society, it is still true that we prefer true and wise friends to the company of the foolish and the ignorant, and that we recognise that much of our happiness and usefulness depends upon the wise choice of friends.

PAGES 6-7. We spend our lives in the vain attempt to thrust ourselves into the company of our social superiors, to get a word or a glance from the great, the famous, or the wise, when all the time we are surrounded by the best of all companions, who are at all times ready to receive us, and never resent our intrusion—books. But because this society is always open to us we do not value it.

PAGES 7-8. You may say we prefer the company of living men because we can see their faces. But if their faces were hidden behind a screen we should still be glad to listen even to their most casual words. And yet we despise the careful and considered utterance of the best and wisest of men when screened behind the covers of a book.

PAGE 8. You may say if you like that you prefer to hear the conversation of the famous men of today to reading famous books, because they talk of present day topics, whereas most famous books refer only to the past. But this argument does not hold good, for famous men of today write about present day topics better than they talk about them. It is however no doubt true that we would rather listen to pleasant conversation about passing events than read a serious book, just as most of us prefer light reading to serious reading.

PAGES 8-10. There are good books for the hour just as there are good books for all time. The former contain simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you, such as travels, discussions of current topics, fiction, or contemporary history. However pleasant or amusing, they are, properly speaking, not books at all, but merely the multiplication of the author's voice.

The latter are printed, not merely to multiply, but to preserve what the author believes that he and he alone can say, something true or useful or beautiful which he has discovered and wants to share with others, and which constitutes his claim to a place in the memory and affection of his fellowmen. These are "books" as distinguished from printed conversations.

PAGES 10-11. We believe in kindness and honesty. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and kindly done is his book, or his work of art. Such 'books' are at our choice, and we have no time in our short lives to read everything. We have only time to read the best, the real books. We can join the company of the Dead, we can be admitted to the fellowship of the great and wise of all ages at our wish. The truth and sincerity of our desire to know the great and the wise can be tested by the kind of books we read, and by the intensity of our desire and of our endeavour to understand them.

PAGES 11-12. Only by labour and merit can we fit ourselves to understand and appreciate the books of great and wise authors. We must rise to the level of their thoughts and fit ourselves to share their feelings.



PAGES 12-14. We must love and sympathise with a great author before we can hope to get at his meaning. We must try to find out his thought not to find confirmation of our own. just as gold is difficult to find and requires to be crushed and smelted from the ore with the aid of good tools and trained human strength and energy, so by care and intelligence and labour and learning we must extract our author's meaning and smelt it in the furnace of our soul.

PAGES 14-15. The study of books is called literature (from Latin *littera*, a letter). We speak of a 'literary man' or 'a man of letters' meaning one who is well versed in books, while an uneducated person is called 'illiterate', and this because letters are the signs that suggest the sounds which express the thought of the authors of books. This should teach us the importance of studying books carefully and in detail, word by word, syllable by syllable, letter by letter. For only so shall we acquire that accuracy which is all the world over the mark of an educated man, a scholar, and a gentleman. An educated man never misuses or mispronounces a word; he knows the derivation of words, and judges them, like men, by the company they keep.

PAGES 15-16 But the meaning of words should be watched as closely as their accent and pronunciation, so that we may use few words and to the purpose. Above all let us beware of 'masked words', which we do not understand, but which we make to represent our most cherished ideas and our strongest instincts, so that they mean different things to different people.

PAGES 16-18. We use a classical word without translating it when we want that which it represents to appear dignified or respectable, and we translate it into English (or Saxon) when we want it to appear common or to discredit it. It would help to give us right ideas if we sometimes reversed our present practice and translated into Saxon where we now use the original word, and used the original word where we now translated. Thus if we spoke of the "Holy Book" instead of the "Holy Bible" (Greek "biblos" or "biblion" a book) we might realise that the Bible is something more than a bound and printed volume.

PAGES 18-19. In order to use words rightly we must know their origin and derivation and the changes of meaning they have undergone in passing from Greek, Latin and French into English. This we must do in order to arrive at the root idea of a word, its 'deep vital meaning', the sense in which we must still use it, if we would write correctly.

PAGES 18-26 As an example of the careful word-by-word examination of an author with a view to arrive at his meaning and to enter into his thought, which is rightly called "reading", Ruskin quotes from *Lycidas* the passage in which Milton attacks the English episcopal church as it existed under Laud, and deals with certain significant words and phrases. Thus he points out that Milton though a Puritan and not a lover of false bishops was a lover of true ones, and recognised the right of St. Peter to wear a bishop's mitre, and to bear the keys of the kingdom of Heaven entrusted to him by Christ.

Further he points out the significance of the words 'creep' and 'intrude' and 'climb' used by Milton to describe the efforts of cunning or bold or persistent priests to get preferment in the church.

Again he pauses at the bold and pithy metaphor 'blind mouths' applied to careless bishops who fail to *oversee*, and to greedy pastors who do not *feed* their flocks.

Continuing his examination of the passage Ruskin takes the line descriptive of the bad effects of the false teaching of false priests upon their congregations, ("But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw"), and points out that the word "spirit" is a contraction of the Latin word "breath", and an indirect translation of the Greek word for "wind". The breath of God gives life and health and peace; the breath of man gives disease and contagion like the mist or fog from a marsh, so that the hearers 'rot inwardly, and are 'swoln' or puffed up with it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition

PAGES 26-29. This careful, intensive study of the thoughts of great writers should teach us humility, and make us realise that it is of more importance for ordinary people, to learn than to teach, to find out what great writers thought on important subjects than to "think" for themselves.

We can *do* our daily work, love God and good, avoid evil, and bad people. But we should realise that we know nothing about religions, governments, sciences and arts, and that, until we do, we should not venture to express our own opinions, but try to learn what greater minds have thought about them.

## SUMMARY—'OF KINGS' TREASURIES' 107

PAGE 29. If we do this we shall realise that what we thought our 'judgment' was prejudice, or chance thought, or worse, and that just as men burn the jungle, and *then* plough and sow, so we should get rid of our own foolish thoughts and prejudices, and so prepare out our minds to receive the truth.

PAGES 29-30. We should read the books of the great and wise, not only that we may grasp their thoughts, but also that we may share their feelings. The higher animals are distinguished from the lower, and man is distinguished from the brute, precisely by greater capacity for feeling. The vulgar man is one who is lacking in feeling, who is unaffected by his own crimes, or bestial habits, and so brutalised; indifferent to the feelings of others, or unaware of them, and so lacking in tact or sympathy. Reason makes us know what is true; but passion, or sensation, alone can make us feel what is good.

PAGES 31-36. To sympathise with the feelings of the great authors of the past, we must train ourselves to be like them; we must cultivate strong, noble, just feeling, and not waste or prostitute our emotions on what is mean, or selfish, or ignoble. A gentleman is distinguished from a vulgar person, and a gentle nation from a mob, by constancy and justice of feeling. Ruskin accuses England of inconstancy, inconsistency and injustice because, while feeling scruples about the infliction of the death penalty upon murderers, she took no part in the American Civil War, allowed Poland to be oppressor by Russia, and Denmark by Prussia, compelled China to buy opium at the

cannon's mouth, and while professing to regard money as the root of all evil has made it the chief object of her national policy.

PAGES 36-50. England though sound at heart, says Ruskin, is incapable of appreciating good literature. It is an undisciplined, money-making mob, despising literature, science, art, nature and compassion, and concentrating its soul on pence. He proceeds to prove the truth of his accusation. England despises literature because she spends more money on wine and race horses than upon books. She despises science because though she is ready enough to profit by scientific discoveries she does little or nothing to endow scientific research. She despises Art because she thinks only of the money value of pictures, and has no real feeling for art. She despises Nature because she has no deep love of or veneration for its beauties. Englishmen have defaced the beauties of Nature everywhere with coal dust and tunnel and railway, and have turned even Switzerland into a bear-garden. Finally England despises compassion because she leaves her poor to starve in the streets, or makes relief so insulting to them, or so painful, that they would rather die than take it. She may even be said to despise Christianity because, while holding gorgeous religious services with organs and incense and stained glass windows and elaborate ritual, she forgets the poor whom Christ loved. The upper classes care only for wealth or amusement and scorn, or forget, the body of the nation, without whose labours they could not live in ease and security—the policeman, the sailor, the scientific student, the common worker.

## SUMMARY—'OF KINGS' TREASURES' 109

PAGES 50-51. Our capacities and energies are all perverted. Instead of taking a pride in our work we think only of money-making; instead of helping the poor we shed tears over imaginary sorrows in the theatre; instead of doing justice we parody it in the novel. We destroy the beauties of nature and seek the tinsel beauties of the pantoimime; and, instead of finding an outlet for our natural human feelings in sympathising with and helping our fellowmen, we study the drama of vice and crime as revealed in the police court.

PAGE 51. These national faults are to be traced not to vice, or selfishness, or stupidity, but to lack of discipline and lack of education, which are childish, and worse than childish, because they acknowledge no authority but their own.

PAGE 52. Like schoolboys piling their books upon tombstone in a churchyard in order to throw stones at them, we have despised and cast away from us the great works of the great writers of the past, forgetting that they are like sleeping kings, and that if we had the greatness of heart and mind to sympathise with their thoughts and feelings, they would rise from their sleep, and admit us into their company, saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? Art thou also become one of us?"

PAGES 53-54. To be great hearted, magnanimous, is, indeed, to advance in life, to be more kind, more generous, more intelligent, more at peace with the world and oneself. Only such are really and truly kings. Unless a king is like them he is nothing but useless expense, or an irksome burden, or a malignant disease to the nation he rules.

PAGES 54-55. No one would call a gadfly or a mosquito a king, and yet those who suck the blood of nations, and drive them to madness and revolution are sometimes called kings. The king in name will only become a king indeed when he measures his kingdom by the love and willing obedience of his subjects, and not by its size or its boundaries

PAGES 55-57. Some kings love embroidered robes, some the helmet and the sword, some gold. These are indeed treasures upon earth where moth and rust do corrupt and where thieves break through and steal.

But there may some day arise a fourth order of kings, who, led by the angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, will gather and bring forth treasures of Wisdom for their people. When that day comes the wealthy men of civilised nations will support literature instead of war; they will encourage education and thought and knowledge instead of armies, and bayonet exercise and rifle-grounds.

PAGES 57-58. Unjust wars are waged by capitalists, who represent the fear and covetousness of nations, and lend money to Governments for the purpose of buying munitions of war. This money has to be recovered from the people, with interest, in the form of taxation, so that nations lose blood and treasure to buy panic and fear and hatred and suspicion.

PAGE 58. How much better it would be if nations would spend the money they now waste on armaments in founding libraries, art galleries, museums, public gardens and rest houses. Meanwhile a beginning should be made by erecting royal

or national libraries in every large city, and providing them with the best books in every kind, perfect examples of the printers and the book-binder's art

PAGES 58-59. Sesame, or oil seed, can be made into cake or bread. It is referred to in the "Arabian Nights" as 'old enchanted Arabian grain' by pronouncing the name of which the robbers' cave could be opened. As used by Ruskin here it is the bread of life, the nourisher of nations, and opens the doors of Kings' Treasuries (good books which can impart a solid education.)\*

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### Summary—'Of Queens' Gardens.'

PAGE 61. True Kingship, as shown in the preceding lecture, is neither a show, nor a tyranny. It is a power exercised over the ill-trained and the illiterate by virtue of Training and Education, the result of that communication with superior minds which we call Reading. This is the reason why we should read, and the reason why the questions 'How and What to Read' are of importance.

PAGES 61-2. A king's 'state' depends upon the standing and stability of it, upon its being firmly established upon the rock of eternal law, the Law of Him in whom is no shadow of turning.

PAGE 62. We are now to enquire how far the authority which true education gives may belong to women, what their education should be.

\* See 'John Ruskin' by Frederic Harison, English Men of Letters Series p. 112,



PAGE 62. As a step to this we must enquire what is woman's sphere, what her duty and power. It is surely wrong to speak of women's rights as if they were separate from, or opposed to, Man's, and no less wrong to speak of woman as man's attendant slave.

PAGES 64-71. In what does the true dignity of woman consist, and what is her true relationship to man? Turn to the great writers of the past, in whom is enshrined the wisdom of the ages, to Shakespeare, to Walter Scott, to Dante, to the Greeks, to Chaucer and to Spenser. What do we find? With one voice they proclaim the wisdom, purity, strength, love, self-sacrifice, dignity and justice of woman, the saviour and sanctifier of man.

PAGE 71. In this opinion the great writers of all the ages appear to be opposed to the common idea now held of woman and the marriage relation. Women we say are not to guide, nor even to think for themselves. Man is always the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge as in power.

PAGES 71-72. If you think that the great writers are wrong, that they have painted for us a picture of woman not only untrue but undesirable, take the evidence of the human heart, and ask what has been the attitude of lovers to their lady-loves in all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress. You will find in all such ages the devout lover obedient and submissive to his mistress, looking to her for direction, encouragement, counsel and command. And this because it is impossible for a noble and rightly trained youth

to love any woman whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

PAGE 73. In the age of Chivalry the knight's armour was buckled on by the hand of his lady, type of the eternal truth that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it. The honour of manhood only fails when woman fails to sustain it.

Ah, wasteful woman ! she who may  
 On her sweet self set her own price,  
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—  
 How has she cheapened Paradise !  
 How given for naught her priceless gift,  
 How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,  
 Which spent with due respective thrift,  
 Had made brutes men, and men divine !

PAGES 73-4. Now if this is true of the relationship between lover and mistress, how much more is it true of the relationship between husband and wife, for marriage, when it is marriage at all, is only the seal which marks the transition from temporary to untiring service, and from fitful into eternal love.

PAGES 74-76. But, it may be asked, how is this idea of woman's sphere to be reconciled with true wifely subjection to her husband ? The answer is that woman guides : she does not determine. It is foolish to talk of the superiority of one sex to another. Each is the complement to the other and supplies what the other lacks. Man creates, discovers, defends.

Woman orders, arranges, decides. She takes no part in the contest, but her bright eyes rain influence and award the prize. Her function is praise. In the peace and shelter of home, free from terror, doubt, injury and danger, she is a guide, a light, a rest to her husband. In the palace, in the cottage, or without a roof to her head and with only the stars for a canopy, wherever she is there is home.

PAGE 76. Within the sphere of her influence therefore, woman must be infallibly wise, good, self-sacrificing, gentle, sympathetic and serviceable, variable only as the light, which takes the colour of all it falls upon, and exalts it.

PAGES 76-80 Now what sort of education fits woman for this place and this power? She should have physical training and exercise to confirm her health and perfect her beauty, and she should have freedom of the heart. No check or restraint should be put upon a good girl's nature. Give her the memory of happy and useful years, and the hope of better things to be. She should learn not merely to acquire knowledge, but to acquire accuracy of thought, understanding of nature and nature's laws.

She should study the moral lessons of history and learn justice, sympathy, and love which shall go beyond the limits of the home, and reach out to "all that are desolate and oppressed."

PAGES 80-81. One subject she should avoid, and that is theology. For theology brings out whatever vice or folly, whatever pride, petulance or stupidity there may be lying latent in a woman's nature, teaching her to judge where she is most

ignorant, and to decide by caprice problems before which the wisest of man remain silent.

PAGES 81-83. With the exception of theology then a girl's education should be the same as a boy's with regard to the subjects taught. But while a man ought to know any subject he learns thoroughly, a woman need know only so much of it as will make her a suitable companion for her husband and his friends. Also as a woman's mind matures more rapidly than a man's it would seem desirable that she should be introduced earlier to deep and serious subjects, so that she may become, not only bright and intelligent, but patient, serious and pure.

PAGE 84. Bad novels are not worse than bad history, or false philosophy or false politics. The danger from novel reading is that it may make our daily life lose its interest, and cause us to neglect our ordinary duties, absorbed in scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act. Even good novels, though they may teach us more about human nature than we would otherwise learn, are apt to be exaggerated and one-sided, and they do little more than strengthen our natural proclivities, teaching the envious to dispise humanity, the gentle to pity it, and the superficial to laugh at it. Novels for girls should be selected, not because they are free from evil, but because they are a potent influence for good. It is better to give a girl a strong, good book with some chance scattered evil in it, than a foolish empty book, which is free from positive harm. Better to let a girl read at will in an old library, keeping modern novels and magazines out of her way, than to dictate what

she is to read. For a girl is different from a boy in this. She needs sympathy, help, moral and mental nourishment, but you cannot chain, or fetter, or force her into this shape or that. She grows as the flower does.

PAGE 85. In all fine arts and accomplishments such as music, painting, singing, dancing, and sculpture girls should have the best models before them so that they may understand the theory as well as the practice of an art, and understand more than they can accomplish. By the best models we mean the truest, simplest, usefulest. Thus the best music is that which in the fewest notes most faithfully and beautifully expresses the character of the intended emotion, or the meaning of the words to which it is set.

PAGES 85-86. Girls should be put upon their honour at school like boys. They should be taught the virtues of courage and truth, and should learn not to be dazzled by outward show and fine accomplishments and fashionable dress and smart manners, which too often conceal a mean and selfish nature. Not only should their teaching at school be as noble as boys', but it should be as nobly directed. The teacher of girls should be placed on the same level and treated with the same respect as the teacher of boys.

PAGES 87-90. The beauties of nature, mountain and forest and stream, are of the greatest value in the education and training of a girl. The soul of Joan of Arc was nourished on the vast forests near Domremy, with their fairy legends and their great scattered abbeys. The natural beauties of

England are too often destroyed by foul smoke and factory furnace. The scenes of greatest natural beauty, for example in North Wales, which in ancient Greece would have been centres of poetry and art and religion and literature, are too often desolate and defiled, the abodes of ignorance and vice.

PAGES 90-92. What is the sphere of woman in the state? What are her public duties? They are in public as in private, in the state, as in the home, to relieve distress, to beautify, to adorn and to assist in the ordering. In the heart of every woman are two deeply rooted instincts—the instinct of love, and the desire of power. Rightly directed they maintain the purity of the home life of a nation, and preserve it from violence and injustice and wrong. Wrongly directed they spell "red ruin and the breaking up of laws".

PAGES 92-93. For a long time past the women of England have assumed a title, which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord", that of "Lady". There can be no objection to this provided they claim not only the title, but the office and duty signified by it. The word *Lord*, according to Ruskin, means 'maintainer of the laws', and the word 'lady' means 'giver of bread'. These titles should refer not only to family, or private, but to public duties, so that a Lord will maintain divine justice, and a lady will feel it her duty to minister to the needs of the poor, or whom Christ said, "in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me".

PAGES 93-95. Women may be not only ladies but queens, if they help and comfort their house-

hold servants instead of oppressing and enslaving them. Whether they will or not they are always queens, enthroned in the hearts of their lovers, husbands and sons. Unfortunately they are too often idle and careless queens, caring for the appearance rather than the substance of power, and doing nothing to discountenance misrule and violence among men, forgetting that all real power is entrusted to us by God, the Prince of Peace. All rule depends upon justice and peace. Whatever else calls itself rule is only misrule, which women should interfere to prevent. Otherwise they will be to blame for all the sin, suffering, injustice, misery and cruelty in the world, not in that they have provoked, but in that they have not hindered.

PAGES 95-99. It is not surprising that avarice, sensuality, murder, and war should be so prevalent, when woman who could interfere to prevent these things shuts herself up in the privacy of her home, or disputes with her next door neighbour for precedence.

We strew flowers before the feet of those for whom we wish happiness, as at a wedding. But flowers should spring up *behind* not *before* the feet of good women. They should bless others wherever they go. It has been said that flowers flourish best in the gardens of those who love them. The influence of a good woman, passing beyond the limits of her home to help the needy, to comfort the sorrowful, to shed the light of kindness and love where formerly there was darkness and desolation, may be compared to the loving care of a garden. "God Almighty first planted a garden", the garden of

Eden, from which man was expelled for sin. It is related in the New Testament that Mary Madeleine, who had left a life of sin to follow Jesus, went down to her garden in the morning, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener. There he waits still, at the gate of the garden of this world, willing to help woman in her divine work of redemption and consolation, the "Greater Man", willing and waiting "to restore us and regain the blissful seat". Will women leave Him there waiting, so that it shall be said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay His head"?

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## Notes on Lecture I—Sesame.

PAGE 3. *The last infirmity of noble minds*—See Lycidas, lines 70-85.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights and live labourious days.

PAGE 11. *Redundant, affected*—superfluous, insincere. *Entree*—right of entrance. *Audience*—hearing.

PAGE 12. *Elysian gates*—The gates of paradise where the souls of the blessed dwell after death. *Elysian* means 'happy' or 'delightful.' *Portieres*—curtains before the door.

*Faubourg St. Germain*—the quarter of Paris in which the houses of the ancient nobility were situated.

PAGE 14. *Keeping the figure*—maintaining the metaphor.

PAGE 15. *Words of modern canaille*—vulgar modern words. *Canaille* means the 'rabble', the 'mob.' *A false Latin quantity*—a short syllable pronounced long, or vice versa in a Latin word.

PAGE 16. *Masked words wearing chameleon cloaks*—words which can be made to assume any meaning we like to give them, and mean different things to different people. The chameleon changes its colour to that of surrounding objects. It is a lizard found in parts of Asia and Africa. *Unjust steward*—see parable of the Unjust Steward (Luke XVI, 8—12).

PAGE 18. *Priest and presbyter*—the clergy of the church of England are *priests*, the *elders* of

the Scottish church are called *presbyters*. The distinction was the occasion for much controversy during the Civil Wars in the reign of Charles I. But the word *priest* really means *presbyter* being contracted from Latin *Presbyter*, Greek *Presbuteros*, an elder.

PAGE 19. *Max Muller's lectures*—on the "The Science of Language," 1861, 1864 and 1885.

PAGE 20. *Mitred locks*,—a *mitre* is the head-dress of a bishop.

PAGE 21. *The power of the keys*—Christ gave the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to the apostle Peter, the first bishop of Rome (See Matthew, XVI, 19). *Do not play stage tricks with etc.*,—do not play with important religious doctrines for the sake of poetic effect. *The Lake pilot*—the pilot of the Galilean lake, St. Peter.

PAGE 22. *The three classes*—cunning, bold and persevering intruders into the church, the three classes of false priests. *A broken metaphor*—a mixed metaphor. *How can a mouth be blind?*

PAGE 23. *Bill and Nancy*—names borrowed from Dicken's novel *Oliver Twist*. When husband and wife quarrel and fight it is the duty of the bishop to know all about it.

PAGE 24. *The fat sheep that have full fleeces*—the rich members of the bishop's flock from whom he may expect money. *The grim wolf*—the Church of Rome. *With privy paw*—exerting its evil influence secretly. *St. Paul's* idea of a bishop, Acts XX, 28. "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you *overseers*. *A coarse type*—a vulgar metaphor. *The flock*—the church of Christ.

PAGE 25. *Puffing up*—spiritual pride. *Converted children*—children who having suddenly begun to take an interest in religious matters fancy they are able to teach their parents. *High church or low*—High church men believe that the baptism of the Church of England is regeneration, and that its priests have power on earth to forgive sins. Low church men believe that church ritual and dogma are of less importance than personal faith in Christ and in His atonement. *Dante Alighieri* (1265-1321)—the famous Italian poet, author of the "Divine Comedy."

PAGE 26. *Rock-apostle*—St. Peter. The word Peter means 'rock'. Referring to Peter Christ said "Upon this rock I will build my Church".

PAGE 28. *To mix the music etc.*,—to trouble us with thoughts of Heaven making us dissatisfied with our selfish pursuits. This is a quotation from Emerson (1803-1882), the famous American writer. *The bishops in Richard III*—Types of mock humility. (See Shakespeare's *Richard III*, 111.7.) *The character of Cranmer*—a type of true humility. (Henry VIII. V.1 and 2). *St. Francis* (1182-1226) founded the Order of Franciscans, who took oaths of poverty, chastity and obedience. *St. Dominic* (1170-1221) founded the order of Dominicans, or preaching friars for the conversion of heretics.

PAGE 29. *Him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him*—Caiphas whom Dante represents as being crucified in Hell for his share in the trial of Christ. *Disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno, esilio*—stretched so miserably in eternal exile. *Him whom Dante stood beside*—Pope Nicholas III, represented

as being buried alive head downward, as a punishment for Simony. "*Come' I frate che confeesa lo perfido assassin*"—like the friar who shrives the treacherous assassin. Shakespeare and Dante did not formulate any definite creed. Religion was too big a thing to them for that. *The Ecclesiastical Courts*—the reference to a celebrated trial of clerical writers for heresy in 1864. *Break up your fallow ground and sow not among thorns*—Clear your mind of falsehood and error and prepare it to receive the truth, (See Jeremiah IV. 3.)

PAGE 31. *The tact which the Mimosa has in trees*—The sensitive plant is a kind of Mimosa, whose leaves shrink or droop on being touched.

PAGE 32. *The source of the great river beyond the sand*—the source of the Nile. *Things which "the angels desire to look into"*—(I. Peter. 1. 12) *While you...noble nations murdered*—Ruskin was disappointed that England did not interfere to save Poland from the oppression of Russia in 1863, and Denmark from Prussia in 1863-4. *A single murder*—In the winter of 1864 a murder on the North London Railway caused a great sensation, and was much commented upon in the newspapers. *The price of cotton*—This refers to the American Civil War (1861) between the Northern and Southern States of America over the question of the slave-trade.

The Southern States seceded from the Union, and in the war which followed the cotton trade in Lancashire suffered severely, owing to the effects of the blockade of the Southern ports. *Selling opium at the cannon's mouth*—In 1859 the Chinese destroyed a quantity of opium belonging

to British merchants at Canton, the Chinese Government having declared the importation of opium into China illegal. England accordingly declared war upon China.

PAGE 35. *Othello* in Shakespeare's play of that name murders his wife Desdomona upon suspicion of her infidelity, being led to doubt her honour by the villain Iago. After the murder Othello says, "Nothing extennate, naught set down in malice. Speak of me as one not easily jealous, but being wrought perplexed in the extreme."

PAGE 36. *A revelation*—Christianity. *The love, of money*—The love of money is the root of all evil. (I Timothy vi. 10). *We would play the good Samaritan*—act the part of the good Samaritan who took compassion on the man who had fallen among thieves, when others passed by on the other side. (See Luke, X. 35.)

PAGE 37. *Scorpion whips*—the words of Rehoboam, "my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions". (See I. Kings. xii. 14.)

PAGE 38. *Munching and sparkling*—eating dinners and drinking champagne.

PAGE 39. *Multipliable barley loaves*—good books which are multiplied by the printing press. (See John, vi. 1—13).

PAGE 40. *A portion for foxes*—a feeding ground for foxes. (See Psalm. 63-101) *Solenhofen*—The quarries of Solenhofen in Germany supply a very fine stone for lithographic purposes. Many extraordinarily perfect fossils have been found there. *One, unique as an example of a species*—Refers to

the fossil of the *Archaeopteryx*—a creature half reptile and half bird—discovered in 1861, and now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. *Professor Owen* (1804—1892) was a great authority on fossils. He was superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum from 1856—1883.

PAGE 41. *Ludgate apprentices*—shop assistants in Ludgate in the city of London. An apprentice pays a sum of money and gives his services in order that he may learn a trade. *What d'ye lack?*—What do you need? What do you require?

PAGE 42. *Bills*—public notices or private advertisements. *Dead walls*—walls without any doors or windows, blank walls. *Venice* was long in the hands of Austria and only recovered her freedom when the Austrians were beaten by the Prussians in 1866. Venice has many beautiful churches and palaces dating from the Middle Ages and containing pictures by *Titian* and other great European artists. *Titians*—pictures painted by Titian (1477-1576), a celebrated Italian landscape painter. *A brace or two of game less*—a couple or two fewer birds. *You have made...cathedrals of the earth*, you have made race courses of the beautiful places of the earth. *Aisles...altars*—continuing the metaphor of a cathedral. People travel by rail through the most beautiful places of England, or munch sandwiches there. *Fall*—waterfall. *Tell*—William Tell, (d. 1350) the national hero of Switzerland, distinguished by his skill in archery. *Clarens*—celebrated by Byron in *Childe Harold* as "Clarens, sweet Clarens birthplace of the soul".

PAGE 43. *Howling fire*—referring to the blast furnaces in the coal and iron districts of England. *Soaped poles in a bear-garden*—Bears used to be made to climb greasy poles to get buns, in order that the spectators might enjoy the spectacle of seeing them slip down. Ruskin is here ridiculing the healthy exercise of 'sking' and 'tobogganing' in Switzerland. *Red with cutaneous eruptions of conceit*—ruddy with self-satisfaction. *Cutaneous eruption* means 'skin disease'. Ruskin here speaks as if conceit would produce a skin eruption on the face. *Howitzers*—guns used to project shells so as to reach troops behind hills or parapets. *Horse-pistols*—large pistols carried in holsters attached to the saddle. *Daily Telegraph*—a prominent London daily newspaper.

PAGE 44. *A translator of boots*—one who buys old boots and repairs them for sale.

PAGE 47. *Syncope*—heart failure. *Everyone who takes a pension...scale*—all Government pensioners are supported by the State at the expense of the people, and in this respect are like the poor who have to go into workhouses, except that they receive much more. (Some would say that a Government pension is only deferred pay.) *To die independently*—to die without being dependent on Government. *A little introductory peculation with the public money*—a little misappropriation of government money to their own purposes before going on pension. This is an example of the wild and foolish talk in which Ruskin sometimes allowed himself to indulge, as if all Government servants were dishonest. *Relief*—poor relief.



PAGE 48. *We revel...in fiction*—we derive a sensuous satisfaction from our imposing religious services with their emotional appeal to the eye and the ear.

PAGE 49. *Roberts*—Robert the Devil was the son of Bertha and Bertramo, a fiend in the form of a knight. *Fausts*—All that is weird, mysterious, and magical groups itself round the story of Faust, who is said to have sold his soul to the devil in return for earthly pleasure and enjoyment. *Artistically modulating.....prayer*—Tickling the ear with religious music in which the words do not appeal to us so much as the varied melody. *Dio* means 'to God', and so a hymn or prayer to God. *The Third Commandment*,—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

PAGE 48-49. *The dramatic Christianity...heretics who dispute it*—we pride ourselves on the superiority of our Christian belief, and despise those who dispute it as heretics (free thinkers). But much of our boasted Christianity is little better than theatre going, appealing to our senses with its gas-lit churches, organs, stained-glass windows and voluptuous music, and to our emotions with its early morning services (matins) and its twilight revival meetings. Revival services were very common in Victorian days. They were intended to revive the spiritual life, but too often made a morbid appeal to the emotions. *We know too well what our faith comes to for that*—we know too well what our religion is worth to suppose it capable of making us follow Christian principles

either in public or private life. *Incense smoke*—the burning of incense (sweet smelling herbs and spices) is very common in the religious services of the Roman Catholic and High Anglican churches. *Property man*—the man who looks after the “properties” or articles required in a play. *Lazarus at the door step*—the beggar at your door. So called from the Lazarus of the parable who was laid daily at the rich man’s gate. (See Luke. xvi). *The only holy or Mother church*—Ruskin belonged to the Evangelical or Low church in his youth, and retained certain of its prejudices throughout life. He was opposed to the High Church party with its priest craft and ritual and its reliance upon the sensuous element in religious services.

PAGE 51. *Chalmers* (1780-1847)—was professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews and of Divinity at Edinburgh university.

PAGE 52. *The last of our great painters*—the great landscape painter J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851). *Sleeping kings*—famous authors. *Hades*—the abode of departed spirits.

PAGE 54. *Achilles*—the hero of Homer’s epic poem, the Iliad.

PAGE 55. *True kings hate ruling*—Plato in his *Republic* says that the best men do not accept office for the sake of money or honour. *Gran rifiuto*—the great renunciation or refusal to take office (Dante iii,60) Supposed to refer to Celestino V, elected Pope in 1294, who resigned five months later. *Trent cuts you a cautel out here*—(See Henry IV, Part I,iii,1.) The geographical boundaries of a State as determined by a river, like the Trent in England or the Rhine in Germany, are

not of great importance. *Go and he goeth*—(Matthew, viii,9) *And count degrees...equator*—we measure distance from the equator by degrees of latitude. True kings or rulers of men, says Ruskin, should measure their authority by the extent of their subjects love for them. *The power of the moth and the rust*—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." (Matthew vi,10-20.)

PAGE 56. *A Fourth order of kings*—not moth, or rust, or robber kings. Kings who do not attach importance to embroidered robes, or armour, or the wealth they extort from their subjects. *A Fourth kind of treasure*—wisdom. "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom : and to depart from evil is understanding". (See Job, xxviii. 12-28.) *Web*—cloth. *Athena's shuttle*—Athena was the Greek goddess of wisdom. *Vulcanian force*—Vulcan was the armourer of the gods in Greek mythology. *Delphian cliffs*—the southern slope of Mt Parnassus where the temple of Appollo, the Greek god of the sun, was situated at Delphi. *Potable*—drinkable.

PAGE 57. *France and England...truth*—under the teaching of Economic "science", which assumes that men are actuated by selfish motives only, France and England, torn between desire and fear, alternately covet each other's possessions, and fear to be deprived of their own. Hence they maintain huge standing armies and go to great expense in military preparations. *Half thorns and half aspen leaves*—half greed and half fear.

PAGE 58. *A thousand thousand* is a million.

PAGE 59. *Tonic*—invigorating, strengthening medicine. *Fallen dropsical*—fallen sick. *You have got its corn laws repealed for it*—The corn laws of 1815 protected the English farmer by forbidding the import of foreign corn until the price of English corn had reached 8/- a quarter. In 1846 the corn laws were repealed as bad harvests in England had made it necessary to import foreign corn. *Sesame*—an oily grain much used in the East for making cakes with the addition of lemon and honey. *Which opens doors*—a reference to the charm by which the door of the robbers' dungeon flew open in the tale of the *Forty Thieves* in the *Arabian Nights*. *Kings' Treasuries*—libraries of good books. *A crystalline payment*—the floor of heaven. *Friends, ... evermore*—true kings find their treasure in the hearts of their people, and do not devote themselves to gathering gold, which is no better than filthy lucre, but to providing libraries and good education for their subjects, thus turning earthly kingdoms into a heaven on earth.

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### Notes on Lecture II—Lilies.

PAGE 61. *As the lily among the thorns etc.*,—see Solomon's Song, ii, 2. The "*Likeness of a kingly crown have on*"—see Milton, *Paradise Lost* Bk. II, 673.

PAGE 64. *Henry V.* (1387-1422), defeated the French at the battle of Agincourt, 1415. Shakespeare's play *Henry V* was produced in 1599. In it Henry appears as the national hero, the type of the noble and patriotic Englishmen. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was probably written about

1591. It is one of Shakespeare's earliest comedies. Valentine, the hero, is the type of a true friend and faithful lover. *Othello*—the Moor of Venice, perhaps Shakespeare's greatest tragedy was written about 1604. Othello, a noble, simple-minded warrior falls a victim to the base intrigues of Iago, who persuades him that his wife Desdemona is unfaithful. Othello kills his wife and then commits suicide. *Coriolanus*—the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy of that name, written in 1600. The subject of the play is the ruin of a noble life through the sin of Pride. In *Julius Cæsar* (1601) the titular hero of the play is represented by Shakespeare not only as ambitious, but boastful, arrogant, hypocritical and so great a believer in his destiny that he failed to face the fact and to take ordinary precautions to secure his own safety. In the play of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1608) we see the evil results of vice and self-indulgence. *Hamlet* informed by the ghost of the murder of his father by his uncle who has usurped the throne, suffers "the native hue of resolution to be sicklied over by the pale cast of thought", and remains in a state of painful indecision until his death. *Romeo* the hero of the play *Romeo and Juliet* (1591) *The Merchant of Venice* was Antonio, who borrowed money from Shylock, the Jew for his friend Bassanio, and would have paid for his kindness with his life under the terms of the bond, had it not been for the courage and resource of Portia, the wife of Bassanio, who pleaded his cause before the court, disguised as a youthful lawyer. *The Earl of Kent* in Shakespeare's play *King Lear* (1605-6) tried to dissuade King Lear from his foolish and

unjust resolution to disinherit his youngest daughter, Cordelia but, being rough and unpolished and lacking in tact, he only stirred up the old monarch to greater wrath, and was banished from the kingdom.

PAGE 65. *Orlando*—the lover of Rosalind in the play of *As You Like It* (1599). *Isabella* the heroine of *Measure for Measure* by her energy and will-power saves her honour and her brother from the designs of the hypocritical regent Angelo. *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale* (1611) being unjustly suspected by her husband Leontes of infidelity was cast into prison, and was reported to be dead. She was kept concealed till her daughter Perdita was of marriageable age, when Leontes discovered his mistake, and was reconciled to his wife. *Imogen*—the noblest of Shakespeare's female characters is the daughter of *Cymbeline* in the play of that name (1610). She retains her love for her husband in spite of his unjust suspicion of her, and his design to have her put to death. *Queen Katherine*—the French wife of King Henry V. *Sylvia* betrothed to Valentine. (Two Gentlemen of Verona). *Viola* the heroine of *Twelfth Night* (1601). *Rosalind* daughter of the banished duke in *As You Like It*. (1599-1600). *Helena* wife of Bertram in *All's Well That Ends Well* (1602). Coleridge calls Helena Shakespeare's loveliest character. *Virgilia* wife of Coriolanus, remarkable for her gracious silence and submission. *His one true daughter*—Cordelia, who really loved her father, but would not to gain any personal advantage make great profession of love. *The injuries of the others*—The two elder daughters

of King Lear were Goneril and Regan, who made great profession of affection for their father, but treated him with the utmost cruelty and ingratitude. *The one weakness—jealousy. Emilia*—the waiting woman of Desdemona and wife of the villainous Iago, was stabbed by her husband and died denouncing his wickedness and Othello's folly.

PAGE 66. *The folly and obstinacy of the husbands*—Leontes (in *Winter's Tale*) and Posthumus (in *Cymbeline*). *The patience and wisdom of the wives*—Hermione and Imogen. *In Measure for Measure* (1604)—Angelo, left regent in the supposed absence of the Duke, promises Isabella to pardon her brother Claudio, who had been condemned to death for immorality, if she will yield to his embraces. Isabella refuses to sacrifice her honour to save her brother, and the situation is saved by the intervention of the Duke, who had been present all the time disguised as a friar. *In "Coriolanus".....the destroyer of his country*—Marcius received his surname, Coriolanus, from the heroism he displayed at the capture of the Volscian town of Coroli. His mother Volumnia advised him to conceal his haughty patrician contempt for the common people when seeking election as consul, and to show them his wounds and flatter them. He promised to act on her advice but when brought face to face with the mob he momentarily forgot his promise and spoke to the people with anger and contempt. Banished from Rome he took refuge among the Volscians and promised to assist them in war against the Romans. Appointed general by the king of the Volscians he advanced against Rome and took many towns. When close to Rome the Romans in alarm sent to

him embassy after embassy entreating pardon and pity. But he would listen to none of them. But when his mother Volumnia and his wife Virgilia with her two little children came to his tent he yielded to their tears and prayers and led his army back to the country of the Volscians, who in anger at his betrayal of their cause put him to death. *And what shall I say of Julia.....wicked child—* Julia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is the passionate and constant lover of the 'wicked child' Proteus. *The patience of Hero—* Hero, daughter of Leonato, and friend of her cousin Beatrice, shows exemplary patience under the false accusation brought against her by the scoundrel Don. John, which for a time separates her from her betrothed lover Claudio. (Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*.) *The passion of Beatrice—* The bright and witty Beatrice, cousin of Hero, is by a stratagem made to fall in love with Benedict, who had previously been as much opposed to love and marriage as herself. Her first advance to Benedict takes the form of an appeal to him for chivalrous intervention on behalf of her innocent cousin, Hero. *The "unlessoned girl" is Portia in the Merchant of Venice.* See Act iii, Sc, 2. *Ophelia* daughter of Polonius and betrothed to Hamlet; has not it in her to be her lover's friend and confidant. *Lady Macbeth* persuades her husband to murder king Duncan, when he is a guest at their castle, and to usurp the throne. *Regan and Goneril—the wicked daughters of king Lear.*

PAGE 67. *Dandie Danmont—the jovial, true-hearted border-farmer described in Scott's novel Guy Mannering (1815).* *Rob Roy—the nick-name*



of Robert McGregor, who took the name of Campbell, when the clan McGregor was outlawed by the Scottish parliament in 1662. The hero of Scott's novel *Rob Roy* (1818). *Claverhouse*—one of the characters in Scott's novel *Old Mortality* (1816).

PAGE 68. *Flora MacIvor*—daughter of Fergus MacIvor, the Celtic chief, in Scott's novel, *Waverley* (1814), a romance dealing with the adventures in Scotland of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. *Rose Bradwardine*—the daughter of Baron Bradwardine, and the heroine of Scott's *Waverley*. *Catherine Seyton* the heroine of Scott's novel, *The Abbot* (1820). *Diana Vernon*—beautiful and talented, the best of all Scott's heroines. *Lilias Redgauntlet*—niece of Sir Edward Hugh Redgauntlet, a strong supporter of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender in Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Redgauntlet* (1824). *Jeanie Deans*—half sister of Effie Deans, who had been abandoned by her lover and condemned for child murder. Jeanie Deans walked all the way from Edinburgh to London to plead for her sister. Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*. (1818). *Dante's great poem*, the *Divina Commedia*. *His dead lady*—Beatrice Portinari for whom Dante cherished a pure and life-long passion. He first saw her when she was eight years old. She married a nobleman named Simone de' Bardi and died young in 1290.

PAGE 69. *Through the ascents of Paradise*—in Dante's *Divina Commedia* the poet after being guided through Hell and Purgatory by Virgil, is conducted through the ascents of Paradise by the spirit of Beatrice, who represents the wisdom of

faith. *Dante Rosetti*—Dante Gabriel Rosetti (1828-1882). He was the moving spirit and chief influence among the Pre-Raphaelites, so called by Leigh Hunt because they found in the painters who preceded Raphael (1483-1520) rather than in more modern times that truth, sincerity and simplicity of inspiration which are characteristic of true art. *The early Italian poets*—the title of Rosetti's first volume published in 1861. It was afterwards entitled *Dante and his Circle*. It contains a number of translations of Italian poets, made almost entirely from his eighteenth to his twenty second year.

PAGE 70. *This Christian lover*—the knight of Pisa referred to above. *His own spiritual...absolute*—the spiritual or religious influence exerted by their women over the ancient Greeks was not so complete as that of women in Christian times. *Andromache*—the devoted wife of Hector son of Priam, king of Troy. Hector was the leader of the Trojans in the war between Greece and Troy described in Homer's *Iliad*. *The divine yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra*—a prophetess, daughter of Priam. Predicted to the Trojans their defeat in the war with Greece, but was looked upon as a mad woman and closely guarded. (See Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, and Aeschylus *Agamemnon*) *Happy Nausicaa*—Daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phaeacians. She was playing at ball with her maidens when their merry cries aroused the sleeping Ulysses. (Homer. *Odyssey* Bk. VI). *Penelope*—wife of Odysseus (Ulysses). Waited patiently for her husband's return from the Trojan war for twenty years. *Antigone* cared for her blind and exiled father king Oedipus, and disobeyed the edict of king Creon by giving burial to the body of her brother

Poynices. She committed suicide afterwards to escape the penalty of being buried alive. (See Sophocles, *Antigone*). *Iphigenia*—the daughter of Agamemnon. When the Greeks wanted to sail against Troy they were detained in Aulis by a calm. The soothsayer Calchas said this was due to the wrath of Artemis because Agamemnon had killed a stag in her grove, and that the only means of propitiating the goddess was to sacrifice Iphigenia. When Iphigenia was on the point of being sacrificed, Artemis carried her away in a cloud to Tauris, where she became the priestess of the goddess. (See *Iphigenia at Turi* and *Iphigenia at Aulis* by the Greek poet Euripides, B. C. 480 to 406). *Alcestis*—heroine of Euripides's play *Alcestis* (B. C. 438). Admetus, husband of Alcestis was promised by Appollo deliverance from death if at the hour of his death his father, mother or wife would die for him. Alcestis died in his stead but was brought back by Hercules from the lower world.

*Chaucer*, (1340—1400)—Court poet in the reigns of Edward III and Richard II. The first great English poet whose works are readily intelligible to modern readers, his poetry marks the fusion of French and English elements in English language, and literature. His best known works are *Troilus and Criseyde* and the *Canterbury Tales*. The *Legend of Good Women* which he left unfinished deals with ladies who were true lovers to their inconstant lords. The poem is dedicated to Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard II. *Spenser*, (1552—1599)—Author of the *Shepherd's Calendar* and the *Faerie Queene*. In the latter poem the twelve

virtues are represented by twelve knights who come seeking adventures to a festival of the Eiry Queen. *Una* represents Truth and *Britomart* Chastity.

PAGE 71. *One of whose princesses*—the daughter of Pharaoh who rescued the infant Moses from the bulrushes and had him educated as her own son. (See Exodus, ch. ii, 1—10). *The Lawgiver of all the earth*—Moses to whom God delivered the ten commandments. *Gave to their...woman*—Athena was the Greek goddess of power and wisdom. She invented the plough, planted the olive tree, taught woman the use of the distaff and loom, and was the patroness of science, industry and art. She has been identified with Nit, the Egyptian goddess of wisdom. *Merely dressing dolls for us*—describing women in a fashion remote from the truth.

PAGE 73. *Ah, wasteful woman* etc.—these lines by Coventry Patmore (1823—1896), author of *the Angel in the House* and other poems, mean the women, knowing their great influence over men should use it only for good.)

PAGE 75. *A vestal temple*—Vesta was the Roman goddess of the hearth. In the houses of ancient Rome the hearth was the central part, and the inmates used to assemble round it daily to take their common meal. Every Roman household was therefore in a sense a temple of Vesta. *The Household gods* were the spirits of dead ancestors which were worshipped by the members of a Roman family, who looked to them for protection. *Types of a nobler shade and light*—the light and rest of heaven. *Shade as of the rock*.—"The shadow of a great

rock in a weary land." (Isaih XXXII, 2.)  
*Pharos*—light-house; so called from the lighthouse built by Sostratus C. Onidius for Ptolemy I in the island of Pharos, near Alexandria in Egypt. It was one of the seven wonders of the world, 450 feet high and visible at a distance of 100 miles.

PAGE 76. *La donna em ebile qual pium al vento*—woman is light as the feather in the wind. These are the words of the famous song in Verdi's opera, *Regoleto*. *Variable as the shade etc*—The quotation is from Scott's *Marmion* canto 6, stanza 30.

O woman! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made,—  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou!

PAGE 77. *That poet who etc.*—Wordsworth, 1770-1850. The four verses beginning with "Three years she grew in sun and shower" are taken from a group of short poems by Wordsworth entitled *Lucy*. They describe what has been called 'the education of Nature.'

PAGE 78. *Vital feelings of delight*—means the instinctive feelings of happiness Nature gives to a girl brought up under her influence without any improper restraint or check. *A countenance in which etc*—this quotation is from Wordsworth's poem *She was a Phantom of Delight* composed in 1804 and published in 1807. He himself has told us that it refers to his wife, Mary Hutchinson, whom he married in 1802. It describes his conception of the 'perfect woman, nobly planned, to

warn, to comfort, and command.' The quotation means 'A face which spoke of sweetness and goodness in the past and promised them for the future'

PAGE 79. *That bitter valley of humiliation*—refers to the place where Christian encountered Apollyon, just before he came to the Valley of the Shadow of Death through which he had to pass in order to reach the Celestial City. (Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.) It means that point in scientific attainment where we realise that we are only on the threshold of knowledge. *To enter...reads*—to identify herself thoroughly with the scenes from history of which she reads, so that she takes the same interest and experiences the same emotions as if she had actually been present when they were enacted.

PAGE 83. *Thackeray*—(1811—1863.)—a great English novelist remarkable for tenderness, irony and humour. *V. unity for V.*

PAGE 84. *Her household motions etc*;—another quotation from Wordsworth's poem, "She was a Phantom of Delight."

PAGE 85. *This Christian kingdom*—spoken ironically.

PAGE 86. *Christ Church*—Oxford. *Trinity*—Cambridge.

PAGE 87. *Joan of Arc*—or the Maid of Orleans, (1402—1431) was a peasant girl living at the village of Domremy on the borders of the great forest in Lorraine in France. Believing that she had a divine mission to deliver her native land she put herself at the head of the French armies and succeeded in raising the siege of Orleans, after

which the French king was crowned in triumph as Charles VII at Rheims. Taken prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy two years after this she was burnt as a witch at Rouen.

PAGE 88. *The fairies will not all be banished*—the forest near which Joan of Arc lived at Domremy was said to be haunted by fairies. So every place has its *genius loci*, or spirit of the place. According to what we make of a place so will its influence be upon ourselves and our children. If we desecrate and defile the beauties of England with coal mines and factory smoke the result will be bad for our children, for if the fairies of the forest are good and beautiful, the goblins of the furnace are bad and terrible. All these coal mines and factories seem at first to make us powerful and mighty, but their final result will be dust and ashes. *Coals of juniper* means charcoal made by burning the wood of the Juniper tree. The quotation is from the 121st psalm, "What shall be done unto thee, false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of juniper." *The Mersey*—the river on which the port of Liverpool is situated, flow into the Irish Channel on the west coast of England. *Snowdon*—a mountain in North Wales. *The Menai Straits*—between North Wales and the island of Anglesea. *Glare first*—is first seen.

PAGE 89. *That Snowdon.....Muses?* Mount Parnassus in Greece was famous as one of the chief seats of Apollo and the Muses and an inspiring source of poetry and song. Mount Snowdon is equally beautiful, but we do not associate it with poetry and song. Quite the contrary. *That Holy-*

*head...Aegina*—At the end of the 6th and the beginning of the 5th century, B. C. Aegina was the chief seat of Greek art. It is a rocky island in the middle of the Saronic gulf. It was called Aegina from Aegina, the daughter of the river-god Asopus who was carried away to the island by Zeus and there bore him a son named Aeacus. As the island was uninhabited Zeus changed the ants into men over whom Aeacus ruled. Ruskin says that the island of Holyhead should from its grandeur and beauty have been the chief seat of English art, but, unlike Aegina, it has no temple or seat of learning dedicated to wisdom and the fine arts. *Minerva*—the Roman divinity of mind or intelligence. The Romans identified her with the Greek goddess Athena. *Shall I read...1848?*—shall I show you what progress knowledge and culture had made under the shadow of Mount Snowdon, which ought to be like Mt. Parnassus sacred to the Muses, in this Christian country up to the year 1848? *These*—the children on the Welsh mountains in the neighbourhood of Snowdon. *The pleasant places*—like Snowdon and Holyhead.

PAGE 91. *You cannot baptize...Unknown God*—the meaning of this passage is that English children cannot be trained as true Christians unless they are taught to appreciate the beauties of Nature and to make acquaintance with Nature's God. *An Unknown God*—(See Acts, xvii, 22-23) "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom



therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

PAGE 93. *Lord* means "maintainer of laws—" This is an incorrect derivation. *Lord* comes from Anglo-Saxon, *hlafweard*, 'loaf-warden.'

PAGE 94. *Rex* and *Regina*—are two Latin words meaning respectively *king* and *queen*. The French equivalents are *Roi* and *Reine*. *The Prince of Peace*—the reference is to Christ (See Isaiah, ix,6). "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

PAGE 96. *Though it were made of one entire chrysolite*—though the earth were all turned into one precious stone. The reference is to Othello's love for his wife Desdemona.

"If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it."

(Othello, Act, v,sc.2)

The modern chrysolite is a transparent, pale yellowish-green stone, brought from the Levant. But Shakespeare probably meant the topaz.

PAGE 98. *Not giving...lady*—The 'English poet' is Tennyson. The 'lady' is *Maud* in the beautiful lyric "Come into the garden, Maud," which occurs in the poem of that name, published in 1855. "*The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait—*" The lover in Tennyson's lyric represents the flowers of the garden as waking and sighing for the girl to come

into the garden. Ruskin uses the figure to mean the less fortunate women who sigh for the loving help and care of their happier sisters—"flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours ; which, once saved, you save for ever."

PAGE 99. *I am here at the gate alone*—Ruskin takes the words of the lover in Tennyson's poem and applies them to the Lord Christ waiting at the gate of his garden that he may help all those good women who desire to help others, and to diminish the burden of sin and suffering in this world. *Not a Maud, but a Mareleine*—The reference is to Mary Magdalene to whom Christ appeared first after his rising from the dead after she had gone to his tomb and found it empty. "But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping : and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. (John ch. xx, 1-18.) *The Foxes have holes etc.*—"And Jesus saith unto him," The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests—but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. (Matthew, ch. viii, 20.)



